

Jno. 20 : 28, recognizing his divinity and accepting him as his Lord and his God. This relation to the believer is reciprocal, God in him and he in God, I Jno. 4 : 15.

Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God (Mark 16 : 17) is a holy, life-receiving confession, "My Lord and my God" is a glorious, heaven-a-biding possession. May our mouths ever confess the former, and our hearts eternally profess the latter, then will "God be all in all," and to Father, Son, and Holy Spirit be all the glory.

Dayton, O.

Home Circle

The Two Sides of It

There was a girl who always said
Her fate was very hard ;
From the one thing she wanted most
She always was debarred.
There always was a cloudy spot
Somewhere within her sky ;
Nothing was ever quite just right,
She used to say, and sigh.

And yet her sister, strange to say,
Whose lot was quite the same,
Found something pleasant for herself
In every day that came.
Of course, things tangled up sometimes
For just a little while ;
But nothing ever stayed all wrong,
She used to say, and smile.

So one girl sighed and one girl smiled
Thru all their lives together ;
It didn't come from luck or fate,
From clear or cloudy weather.
The reason lay within their hearts,
And colored all outside ;
One chose to hope, and one to mope,
And so they smiled and sighed.

—Priscilla Leonard.

The Supreme Need—Good Mothers

Religious Telescope.

Much has been written concerning the twentieth century and its supreme need. What has it in store for humanity? What will it bring?—what of new and useful inventions? what of valuable discoveries? what of wealth? what of national and individual aggrandizement?

All these are interesting questions, and of more or less importance. Wealth, national growth, and material progress are very desirable. But all these pale into insignificance in the face of the intellectual, social, and moral elevation of the people. Without this riches ultimate in ruin. Without this national power ends in despotism. Hence the question that should receive from the statesmen and philanthropists of today more attention than any other, or than all others combined, as mentioned above, is the same as that submitted by Napoleon the Great to Mme. Campan, namely, "What is yet lacking in order that the people be properly educated?" and the answer is the same, also, as the one given by that brilliant woman.

And right here a few paragraphs from the Commercial Tribune on "American Women in the Twentieth Century," are to the point. They read as follows:

If the nineteenth century has been better than

those preceding it, and if the twentieth is to be still better than the nineteenth, the betterment must be looked for in the benign and beneficent influences of an emancipated Christian womanhood. At the very opening of this century, Napoleon, in the course of a conversation with Mme. Campan, remarked: "The old systems of instruction seem to be worth nothing. What is yet lacking in order that the people be properly educated?" "Mothers," replied Mme. Campan. So forcibly struck was the emperor by this terse and significant answer, that he added: "Yes, here is a system of education in one word. Be it your care, then, to train up mothers who shall know how to educate their children."

Mothers! Yes, good, sensible, home loving, home-cheering mothers is the superlative need. Not the slaves of fashion, not the victims of a false notion as to what constitutes culture and refinement; not women who prefer the theater to the prayer-meeting, the dance to the Sunday school, the progressive euchre party to the preaching of the Word; not women who would rather nurse a poodle dog than a baby, or who would "rather die than wear a bonnet two seasons;" but noble, intelligent, whole-souled mothers, who, like the royal Roman matron, when asked where their jewels are, will lead forth their healthy, bright boys and girls, and, pointing to them, exclaim with a triumphant, motherly pride, "These are my jewels."

But to supply this great need for the twentieth century additional educative processes should be devised and instituted. There should especially be work done in the direction of making and confirming quite generally the impression that the highest glory and most ennobling royalty with which a woman can be crowned in this world is that of being man's helpmate in making and keeping a pleasant, comfortable home. That home need not be wealthy and affluent; it may be humble, even poor, but if it is presided over by a loving mother who delights in the comfort and welfare of her husband and children, it will be, though poor, next to heaven, the best place, the happiest place for herself and for those whom God has given her.

If this great truth were applicable to the beginning of the nineteenth, the same may, with equal reason, be enunciated at the dawn of the twentieth century. The good home is the best of schools, and never was there such an urgent demand for good homes as to-day. "One good mother," said George Herbert, "is worth a hundred school-masters. In the home she is loadstone to all hearts and loadstar to all eyes. Imitation of her is constant—imitations which Bacon likens to a globe of precepts."

Example is more potent than precept—it is, in fact, instruction in action. It is teaching without words, often exemplifying much more than tongue can utter by way of good counsel. The best of precepts are, in the face of bad example, of small avail. The example is followed, the precepts unheeded.

What the twentieth century calls for is women capable of inspiring their sons with high ideals. The great curse of the average man to-day is commonness—the lack of aspiring ideals. Browning once declared: "It is not what a man does which exalts him, but what he would do." To this Charles Kingsley adds: "Let any one set his heart to do what is right, and ere long his brow is stamped with all that goes to make up the heroic expression." Lack of aspiring ideals? Yes; look around and see the thousands of farmers, for instance, who never rise above oxen and wheat; of physicians, never superior to prescriptions and diseases; of lawyers, never superior to briefs and pleas. The ideals of the multitude

are rarely noble. Millions of human beings never get out of the basement of their lives. What we want—what the twentieth century cries out for—is mothers to give mankind high aspiration and great thought—models.

TOO LATE

B. C. MOOMAW

CHAPTER I

One Sunday afternoon farmer Harkless and his wife sat alone, looking sadly into the log fire on the broad hearth. The farmer's face was stern and hard as usual, but there was a tenderness and a despair in the woman's eyes which would have melted a heart of stone.

"Oh John," she was saying, "I can't bear to think that he may be gone forever and we mayn't never see him any more; and all them rough words we have spoke to him are just a hammerin' at my heart and a going to break it."

"It's just all this trouble and sorrow that he's a causin' of you that makes me hard and angry," replied the farmer. "I can stand it, but what right has a boy to torture his mother to death as he is a doin' of you? I won't forgive him, I won't."

"And then he knowed," continued the farmer, "that I couldn't get along on the farm and raise a crop without Nell, and he's gone and took her, which is no better than robbing the bread out of his mother's mouth, and that's the truth."

"I'd give the bread out of my mouth," sobbed the poor woman, "to have my boy back, and a chance to be good and kind to him, and talk peaceable and loving to him, like when he was a baby. And here now he's gone off to the wild west and there'll be nobody out there to hold him back from his wild ways; and if he was to get sick,—Oh, I can't bear to think of it."

Farmer Harkless felt his severity giving away, and to keep it up to a proper pitch of righteous indignation he went out to look at the empty stable and the crops which must suffer for plowing, when what should he see but the filly at the outer gate holding her head high up and nickered reproachfully as if she felt that she had been turned out of house and home to find a scanty living in the big road. Hurrying to the gate farmer Harkless saw a white something tied to the bridle, and opening it he found that it was a note from Jake.

"I am not mean enough to take the mare," it read, "tho, no doubt, you thought I was. I've turned out bad and all that, but you always said I would, and it 'peared as if I must do it and not disappoint you; and this is the last you will ever hear of Jake Harkless. Maybe the change will be better for all of us, anyhow. Tell ma good-bye. I know as I've been a burden and a disgrace to her, and it's better to clear out and she won't have to wait on an idle and thankless hulk anymore."

When farmer Harkless returned to the house he found his wife in Jake's room, from which the young man had gone in the middle of the night, leaving behind him a note saying that if his money would land him in Col-